

Don't Bury Me 'Til I'm Ready

Johnny Paycheck

Don't bury me till I'm ready
Don't try to say I'm gonna be missed
Don't wave me goodbye, son, I'll spit in your eye
'Cause I ain't going out like this
Don't wave me goodbye, son, I'll spit in your eye
'Cause I ain't going out like this

I've been 40 years in a factory
And I've lived all my life in a little old shack
I gave up my youth to the bossman
But as far as I know he ain't never give nothing back

Now they tell me I'm too old to cut it
That I should go and rest a spell
They say that I'll be dead any day now
But they don't know this old boy too well

You know I never had no easy occupation
Hard work's all I ever knew
It's a fact that I ain't got a thing now to show boys
All the misery that life has put me through
But a voice down deep in my guts keeps on screaming
John, you been going too long now to stop
I've spent all my life on the bottom
But by the grace of God I'm going to go out on the top
But by the grace of God I'm going to go out on the top